

*The Chronicle History*

As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.  
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,  
I must needs haue you friends.

*Flew.* By Iesus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.

Harke you souldier, There is a filling for you,  
And keepe your selfe out of brawles,  
And prabbles, and dissentions,  
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

*Soul.* Ile none of your money sir, not I.

*Flew.* Why tis a good filling man:  
Why should you be queamish?  
Your shooes are not so good.  
It will serue you to mend your shooes.

*Kin.* What men of sort are taken vnckle?

*Exe.* *Charles* Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,  
*John* Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall*.  
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,  
Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.  
This note doth tell me of ten thousand  
French, that in the fiede lyes slaine.

Of Nobles bearing banners in the fiede,  
*Charles de le Brute*, high Constanble of France,  
*Iaques of Chatillian*, Admirall of France,  
The master of the Crosse-bowes, *John* Duke *Alonson*,  
Lord *Rambieres*, high Master of France.  
The braue sir *Gwigzard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle* *Charillas*,  
*Gran Prie* and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,  
*Gerard* and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.

*King.* Heeres was a royall fellowship of death,  
Where is the number of our English dead?

*Exe.* *Edward* the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,  
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dany Gam* Esquire,  
And of all the other, but fise and twenty.

*King.* O God, thy arme was heere,  
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise:

When

*of Henry the*

When without stratageme,  
And euen in shooke of battell, w  
So great and little losse, on one  
Take it O God, for it is onely th

*Exe.* Tis wonderfull.

*Kin.* Come, let vs go on proce  
Let it be death proclaim'd to an  
To boast heereof, or take the pr  
Which is his due.

*Flew.* Is it lawfull, and it pleas  
To tell how many is kild?

*Kin.* Yes *Flewellen*,  
But with this acknowledgemen  
That God fought for vs.

*Flew.* Yes in my conscience, he  
*kin.* Let there be sung Nououe  
The dead with charity enter'd in  
Weel then to *Calice*, and to Eng  
Where nere from *France*, arriu'd

*Enter Gower and Flew*

*Gower.* But why do you wear  
Saint *Danies* is past?

*Flew.* There is occasion Capt  
Looke you why, and wherefore  
The other day looke you, *Pistoll*  
Which you know is a man of no  
In the yorell, is come where I w  
And brings bread and salt, and b  
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place,  
Where I could moone no dissent  
But if I can see him, I shall tell hi  
A little of my desires.

*Gow.* Heere he comes swelling